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THE
HOME CONCERT,

BY

Mrs. MARY D^{or} BRINE,

Author of "Jingles and Toys for Wee Girls and Boys," "Papa's Little Daughters," "Four Little Friends,"
"Hither and Thither," Etc.

PHOTO-ENGRAVED FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT.

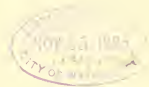
When mounted in Water Colors, a 10" x 12" size.



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1900
BY O. M. DUNHAM.



Lovingly dedicated
to
Mother, by
M. D. B.

The Home Concert

Well Tom, my boy, I will say good bye !

I've had a wonderful visit here :

Enjoyed it, too, as well as I might

Apart from all that my heart holds dear .


Maybe I've been a trifle rough , -

"A little awkward" - your wife would say ,

And very likely I've missed the hint

Of your city polish day by day .





But somehow, Tom, tho' the same old roof,
Sheltered us both when we were boys
And the same dear Mother-love watched us both
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now,
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As tho' we never had thrown an arm
Around each other with loving heart.



Your city home is a palace, Tom!
Your wife and children are fair to see.
You couldn't breathe in the little cot -
The humble home that belongs to me,
And I am lost in your grand, large house,
And dazzled with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride

Yes, 'the Concert was grand last night,
The singing splendid! but do you know
My heart kept longing the evening through,
For another Concert - so sweet and low -
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and learned as you.
But to its music - laugh if you will -
My heart and thought must ever be true.



I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me -)
And close to my heart this vision came.
The same sweet picture I always see,
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow - and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.





And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips, I could hear the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with - 'Goo - a . goo.'
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
My wife and child - by the cottage door,
Aye, that is the Concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.



So now good bye! And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain.
You were born to be rich and gay,
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened, too.
Back to the Concert all my own,
Mother's singing, and baby's coo.

Mary D. Brine.

THE HOME CONCERT.

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I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I might
Apart from all that my heart holds dear.
Maybe I've been a trifle rough—
"A little awkward"—your wife would say,
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish, day by day.

But somehow, Tom, tho' the same old roof
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Yes! the concert ~~and~~ grand I'd rather,
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My heart kept longing ~~the~~ *evening* through
For another concert—~~as~~ *as* sweet and low
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MARY D. BRINE.

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